

# IN PRINT

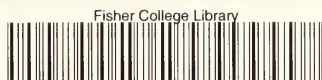
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CHARLES VIEWER  
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# For Reference

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## STAFF

|                   |                                                                                           |
|-------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Editor            | Joanna Parham                                                                             |
| Assistant Editor  | Alicia M. Torres                                                                          |
| Editorial Board   | Kaori Aburakawa<br>Thea Francheschi<br>Cheryl Greene<br>Francoise Koster<br>Kathryn White |
| Editorial Advisor | Suzanne Varisco                                                                           |

Faculty Judges: Mary Boyle, Michael Knoll, Ruth Shore, Dean Walton, Taylor Hastie, Terry Howe, and Martha Scott.

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## AWARDS

The 1990-1991 award winners are:

Sara Kim Dawes, Writing

Susan Trent, Art and Photography

All art work and photographs that have been accepted by the 1990-1991 Charles Viewer editorial board are currently on display in the Fisher College Mall.



## Survivors

I walk through the park.  
Concrete grass slows my steps.

The breeze throws strands of hair in  
my face.  
Silently I stare at the brick trees.

Suddenly the wind turns  
and blows glass leaves  
at me.

I nod,  
thinking of stone people  
and smile  
as I watch stone dogs.

Suddenly,  
I realize

no one is real any more.  
What has become of us?  
Who are the true  
survivors?

Sara Kim Dawes '92





## My Knight in Shining Armor

When I was a child, I dreamt of faraway places. I built castles in the sand and crowned myself the princess. Such a tall, tall man was he who read me fairytales of knights and castles. I sat high on a pedestal overlooking my future, a puzzle with missing pieces which only my daddy could complete.

His gentle means of sculpting me  
At times were hard to understand,  
Yet I saw love within his heart  
When he held my tiny hand.

He was my knight in shining armor,  
and he protected me.  
I even lied and shed some tears,  
An excuse for him to hold me.

He gave to me a gift  
I know I never can repay.  
Without his help I know that I  
Could not have found the way.

He taught me love and honesty  
I try to imitate.  
His kindness and his humor  
Were always worth the wait.

Through all the years I've lived my dream  
And held on to my pride  
And so I'm filled with peacefulness  
As all my fears subside.



My daddy crowned me princess  
In that faraway place.  
Throughout the years security  
Was that man's tired face.

His ways of understanding me  
Were not all in his hand,  
But his faith in me and loving me  
Built my castles in the sand.

The Legend of his loving still stands  
strong, and a tall, tall man abides  
forever within the castle of my heart.

Stephanie Smith '92



The Water

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There is nothing more beautiful  
Than a small waterfall.  
It bubbles with dancing lillies,  
Modestly, peacefully, bowing aside  
Like small children  
In a choreographed performance.  
All touched with beauty's eyes  
Through their careless folly.

Ejel Laney '91



## I Saw an Old man Today

I saw an old man today.  
On the side of the road is where he sat,  
His face lined with wrinkles  
And his hands covered with callouses.  
But his bright blue eyes caught  
    my attention.  
He watched everything and everyone,  
Never missing a movement.  
Like clockwork he reached  
    into his pocket--  
As he pulled out an apple,  
The church bell struck twelve.  
He hesitated a moment  
As if he were waiting for permission.  
Then he shined it on the corner  
    of his tattered overcoat  
And took a bite.  
Closing his eyes he savored  
    the sweet taste,  
The juice still visible on his lip.  
After taking only two bites,  
He wrapped up the rest and stuffed it  
    back in his pocket.  
Slowly he lowered his head  
Onto a stack of torn newspapers  
And situated himself.  
A man placed a quarter in his tin.  
He carefully pulled his shirt up  
    close to his face  
And folded his hands as if to pray.  
Falling asleep was a simple task for him.  
While he slept, the world went on.

Kris Burnett '91





Roses

Roses are a shade of red  
My face is a different color  
I thought you'd be my valentine  
Instead you are my brother.

L'Tanya Roberts '91



Flight of a Bluebird

Frightened.  
Desolate.  
Defeated.

Words  
silently spoken  
between  
walls of solitude

To no avail:  
True Love bonds

Dauntlessly I fly  
solo  
into solitary days where  
hopes, dreams, and goals  
mysteriously pave the way.

Sara Kim Dawes '92



## Life

It was a dark, brisk winter night when my whole life was about to change. All around me people were screaming out of pain and joy. My mind was blank, only fixed on getting the most exhausting yet exhilarating event in my life over.

Time seemed to creep by. The hands on the clock above the board-like bed were moving by seconds, while my body was altering ever so rapidly. Finally I had reached my time. As they rolled me out of my closet-like room, I felt like a jigsaw puzzle that was not yet complete.

In the next room, I was placed on the metal table and I began to cry. My cries were out of pain as well as joy, a joy that can never be explained, for one has to live it to understand it. Within minutes, I was growing up. Not growing in size but in mind and in reality. At an instant it ended, ended with a push, a push that made the room fill with an echoing screech.

My heart pounded now from fear, as they placed the bundle of silky beauty on my now flattened body. At once we became connected again. All pain subsided at the touch of his tiny fingertips on my skin. Now it was my turn to relieve any pain he might have and to provide only happiness for him for all of his life.



## Mystery of the Heart

And so I saw it there,

A heart with a sweet face, gentle eyes,  
and a red glow of contentment.

Little did I know what a mystery it was,  
what qualities were within it.

A mystery soon to be solved, only to  
    reveal  
a heart that was sensitive and caring.

A heart filled with past griefs  
and doubts for its future.

A heart hiding dreams, feelings,  
and desires.

I looked and looked deeper and found  
the place to unlock it.

Now I must keep looking until  
I find the golden key.

It will take time to solve the mystery  
of where the key to this heart is.

But unlocking it will be the  
greatest challenge of it all.

Leandra Jordan '91





## The Unnoticed Visitor

I saw you there behind the tree,  
Trying not to be noticed,  
The Priest still saying he will be  
in a better place.

I saw the tears stream down your face,  
Saw you raise your hand to wipe it dry.  
Walking away, you held your head down,  
and I wanted to run to you and be by  
your side,

But that would not do.

Flowers were placed

As the casket was lowered.

Dried and fresh tears

Covered the white mourning faces.

Condolences were said

And kisses were given

Along with "I'm here if you need me."

I still think of the unnoticed visitor,

Not being able to understand how he  
must feel.

Although a close and special friend,

He was kept a secret,

Something agreed to by both.

Blacks and whites don't mix,

His mourning parents believed,

Not only wrong but sad.

Sad because a friend couldn't say  
good-bye to a friend

Because colors don't mix.

But they do.

People's ignorance cannot see that.

They should be the ones shunned.

Kris Burnett '91



Pathetically Gone

Inspired by emptiness  
Courage  
so much as a mustard seed

Inhale desires to survive  
only a moment  
I muse about days of the past  
Gone

Yet quietly  
much like a wallflower  
I step into another lonely day

Sara Kim Dawes '92



## Nick

As the warm fall day passes over me, I look but what do I see? I see a mound of cold, hard dirt. Beneath lies the man I loved so dearly as a child, as a teenager, and as a woman. My gramps. I remember his walk, his talk, his smile. I feel a certain shiver, and I desperately want to run and hide. But I have to be brave. People are watching, waiting, and listening.

Everyone said it was for the best, but who is to say? I loved him with all my heart and soul. He was my inspiration, my life, my love. But yet he is gone. People are passing by, my mind is a blur. I want him back in that old brown chair, laughing, but most of all alive.

I want to scream that it is not fair, but all I can do is cry. The warm tears continue to flow, and I don't want to say good-bye. I didn't say good-bye, I was on a plane, I went to college and never said good-bye. Will he ever forgive me? Can he ever forgive me?

I take a flower and place it on the cold, hard grave. I placed my most prized achievement with him, my college ring. I want to shout, "I did it for you. You were my hope, my dream, my grandfather!"

Alicia Torres '91



## Humans

Humans are such a selfish breed;  
All they think is me, me, me.  
Iraq occupies Kuwait  
As the world sits and waits,  
Wondering whether we will go to war,  
While the government thinks that that's  
the cure.

War is something I don't understand;  
All it does is make outrageous demands.  
We ship away our innocent souls,  
All because we need oil.

So thousands fight and thousands die,  
While we sit and try to justify  
That we are doing the right thing;  
We're stopping a beast from becoming  
a king.  
But is that what's really going on  
Or are we being totally conned?  
Who can we trust  
When this world is so unjust?  
It makes me realize, it makes me see  
That humans are truly a selfish breed.

Alison Knowles '91





Don't

Don't reach for me  
When I want to talk.  
What I want to share  
With you is more precious  
To me than my body.  
My body has had many lovers;  
No one has had my mind.

Stephany Coe '91



## She Danced Her Way to Heaven

Getting in the car,  
She fixed her hair one more time.  
Satisfied at last,  
She turned the key.  
It was a hot night with a slight breeze,  
And the wind rushed through the window  
As she accelerated and was on her way.  
Finding the party was easy--  
Crowds of people gathered in the  
front yard,  
While others were in the back standing  
by the keg.  
She grabbed her cup and chose the back.  
The beer was cold when she took her  
first sip.  
But, as the night went on,  
She could no longer tell what was hot  
or what was cold.  
Nothing mattered.  
No one cared.  
The music was loud  
And she could feel the vibration through  
her body.  
She danced her way through the house  
to her car.  
Fumbling with her keys she started  
the engine.  
Instead of driving home--  
She danced her way to heaven.

Kris Burnett '91



## The Big One

And now the fun has just begun  
I'll soon be turning twenty-one!  
So look out Axis, here I come,  
'Cause I'll be twenty-one!

Happy birthday! Sing to me!  
Happy birthday! (Hee, hee, hee!)  
I'll be out sometimes 'till three  
And I can use my real I.D.!

Yet now I see the rising sun,  
Our fun is done and I must run.  
But we'll go out again my friend,  
Just pass the wine and take my hand.  
We'll party all across the land,  
'Cause I am twenty-one!

Jennifer Rook '91



## Release

The cool breeze blows through my hair, and I look down and watch the waves of his mane, all his colors: black, brown, gray, and white, reminding me of the turning leaves. Fall is the most beautiful time of the year. All the trees explode in sudden bursts of color, and the animals rush about in preparation for winter.

The peacefulness of nature and my horse's steady breath soothe all the frustrations of the world. (For now, I'm in a different world, one untouched by the city and man's steady quest for power.)

The feel of his pounding heart and the rhythmic beat of his hooves emphasize the simplicity of life, a life without materialism. Strange thoughts come to me on my horse in the middle of the woods. I think of those who have ridden these trails before me. I look above me and watch the branches sway, thinking of all the different types of trees all over the world. I look around me and think of all the places I've never been. Then I notice the beauty of the rocks below.

So much is learned in the natural classroom of God, lessons which can't be taught in a book. Problems I couldn't solve in my other world suddenly seem clear. This closeness with nature strengthens my faith. It is now I worship, for I feel closest to God in His natural temple. I give thanks for all around me.





## Contributors

Kris Burnett '91

Amber Capri '92

Stephany Coe '91

Sara Kim Dawes '92

Leandra Jordan '91

Allison Knowles '91

Ejel Laney '91

L'Tanya Roberts '91

Jennifer Rook '91

Stephanie Smith '92

Gina Summa '92

Alicia M. Torres '91



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